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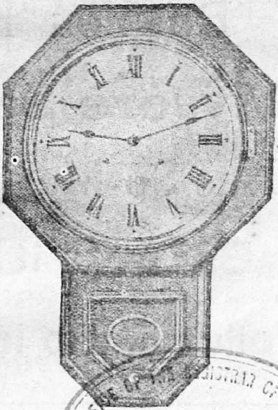

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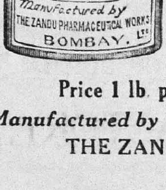

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The SCHOLAR

VOL. IX | FEBRUARY 1934 | NO. 5

The Banner of Peace·

BY DR. JAMES BROWN SCOTT

[A world-renowned authority on International Law, Dr. James Brown Scott is also the Director of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C. He is the author of several books on this subject and holds the honoured position of President of the American Institute of International Law, and has been a delegate or expert at several international assemblies on both Continents. His powerful support to the Cause is an event of great importance and, therefore, we gladly print here the speech he made at the last Washington Convention, (November 17 & 18, 1933) urging the adoption of the Pact. We also invite the attention of our readers to the sure support which the Pact is receiving, as evidenced by the latest heartening news from Montevideo (South America) published elsewhere in this issue.

—*Editor.*]

IT would be permissible, I believe, to say that we all have pity for ourselves; and it would be none the less correct to observe that in times past, at least nations have not taken pity on others, unless they felt that their own interests were in some degree involved. What the members of this Association want, what the audience here to-night wants, what I myself devoutly desire, is the large sympathy which shall make one of the many and merge us all in a common humanity.

The purpose of this meeting is to endorse "an international covenant for the protection of artistic and scientific institutions, missions and collections," proposed by Nicholas Roerich, Russian

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by birth and by preference a citizen of the world, in order that the culture of the past, the culture of the present and the culture of the future may stand as monuments and as an expression of the universality of culture,—for things material, are they not national?—and that the imponderables, the things which, once conceived and executed, are our common treasure, may not, as in the past, perish in armed conflict as have so often those who have created them. Our poet Lowell, has he not said, and in two perfect lines:

> That love of one from which there doth not spring
> Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.

We all know from the recent and tragic experience, which, like all tragic experiences, is in danger of being forgotten in the scramble for the material pleasures and comforts of life in a civilization which the French describe as *la civilisation du comfortable*, that war is destructive not only of human life but of the highest achievements of life in art and in science and the things of the spirit which, taken together, we call our culture. The mere taking of life is not the worst of war. We know that our days are numbered—although, fortunately for most of us, we do not have the numbers—and, therefore war may be said, from this point of view, merely to accelerate a natural process. Yet in this acceleration how many Platos, how many Tullys,—to use the name by which Cicero was intimately and affectionately known to our fathers—how many Dantes, Shakespeares and Molieres, how many Velasqueze's and Cervantes, how many Pascals, how many Beethovens and Goethes; in a word, how many Leonardos, have passed through the ages without a record of their passing?

Again, war has no appreciable relation to justice; the genius of a commander, the strength of battalions, will cause force to triumph at the expense of right and justice. What we wish, and what we must have, is a single standard for men and for nations; that the rights and duties of the individual may be the rights and duties of nations, composed of individuals; and that the disputes between nations, as well as individuals, shall be settled by judicial tribunals. The first great and epoch-making step, has it not been taken? Is not a Permanent International Court of Justice established at The Hague, and is it not to-day, this very day, in session, busied with disputes between nations as our national courts are busied with the disputes of individuals, each tribunal, whether national or international, applying the same standard of law, of justice and of morality?

We do not wish to—indeed, we dare not—revert to the days of which M. Jusserand spoke when he honoured us by his presence as Ambassador of France to the United States—days which

we might think of as "long ago;" were it not for the Greatest of Wars, whose fateful consequences both vex and plague us still. "Former-day chroniclers," M. Jusserand said some twenty-three years ago before the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, "are wont to mention, as a matter of course, that 'the king went to the wars in the season,' as he would have gone a-fishing. People at large saw not only beauty in war...... but they saw in it an unmixed beauty........Such were," he added in justification— and I pause to say that history is greatly in need of justification—"the feelings of the day. To none of the master artists who represented the day of judgment on the walls of Rome, Orvieto or Padua, or on the porches of our Northern Cathedrals, did the thought occur to place among his fierce angels driving the guilty to their doom, one with a tear on his face; a tear would have made the artist more famous than all his art; a tear not because the tortures could be supposed to be unjust or the men sinless, but because they were tortures and because the men had been sinful. *Dies irea* !"

Montevideo. Following the unanimous adoption of the Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace by the Third International Peace Banner Convention held in Washington on Nov. 17—18th 1933, which was attended by 34 countries, the Plenary Session of the Pan-American Congress (of all the countries of both the Americas), adopted unanimously the Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace and resolved to recommend its adoption to the Governments of North and South America.

What does this our organization stand for, and what is its symbol? From Mr. Roerich's proposed international covenant I lift two phrases from the preamble and two short paragraphs pregnant with hope—and indeed of an assured fulfilment, if not to-day, in the days to come:

> Whereas the Institutions dedicated to the education of Youth, to Arts and to Sciences, constitute a common treasure of all the Nations of the World
>
> *(The High Contracting Parties)*
>
> Have resolved to conclude a solemn covenant for perfecting the protection enjoyed in all civilized countries by Institutions and Missions dedicated to Arts and Sciences and by artistic and scientific collections.

To realize this cultural and humanitarian purpose, Article I of the pact proposes that

> Educational, artistic and scientific institutions, artistic and scientific missions, the personnel, the property and collections of such institutions and missions shall be deemed neutral and as such, shall be protected and respected by belligerents.

And the second and concluding paragraph of the article provides that

> Protection and respect shall be due to the aforesaid institutions and missions in all places, subject to the sovereignty of the High Contracting Parties, without any discrimination as to the State allegiance of any particular institution or mission.

In addition to the obligation created by the international agreement, there is both a procedure and a remedy. The procedure consists in registration of the institutions, collections and missions with the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation at Paris or the Pan-American Union in Washington, according to the desire of each of the high contracting parties involved. This registration entitles the various institutions to display the distinctive flag of the international covenant, and to have special protection and respect of their neutral rights on the part of belligerents; and, in case of complaint due to violation of the covenant, any one of the artistic and scientific institutions, collections and missions shall possess the right, through the intervention of its government, to have the complaint passed upon by an international commission of inquiry, to be established under a special agreement. The three-fold spheres on the distinctive flag thus imply the three-fold nature of the pact,—obligation, procedure and remedy.

Drafted by one George Chklaver, the project bears incontrovertible evidence of the deft hand of Albert de la Pradelle, the friend of every worthy international cause, and the successor of the incomparable Louis Renault in the chair of international law in the University of Paris.

So much for this cultural and humanitarian pact! But what of the symbol? The Good Book says that "an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas."[1] Therefore, I have chosen the more neutral—and, I hope, acceptable—term of symbol. It is a banner, a flag, a piece of bunting if you will, three magenta spheres within a magenta circle on a white ground, symbol of eternity and unity, surrounded by perhaps another circle, a symbol of culture and humanity, past, present and future. Mr. Roerich—sponsor of the pact as well as artist of the banner —holds that it is "imperative to take immediate measures to

1 King James' version of the Gospel according to St. Matthew the 12th Chapter, 39th Verse.

preserve the noble heritage of our past for a glorious posterity," adding that "the creations of culture.........belong to no one nation but to the world ."

It is, as I have said, a banner, a flag, a bit of bunting, with an inscription indicative of a great idea, and, like all great ideas, it is international without mention of any one nation or a suggestion of the intervention of any one person. It is culture, humanity at its highest, past, present and future.

When Mr. Roerich's idea is incorporated in an international agreement, it will share the fate of all international agreements. The name of those who have stood for it and defended it, and of those to whose efforts it is due, will be merged in the great achievement.

We have recently had an example of this: in the United States we generally speak of the "Kellogg Peace Pact," because of its connection with Secretary of State Kellogg; in France it is often called the "Briand Pact," because of Mr. Briand's connection with it as Minister of Foreign Affairs; then at times the names of the two are united, as becomes true brothers of peace, and we speak of it indifferently as the "Kellogg-Briand Pact" or the "Briand-Kellogg Pact". But the document signed by some fifteen nations in the Quai d'Orsay on the 27th day of August, 1928—and adhered to by the civilized world—was the "Pact of Paris". And when and if, through Mr. Roerich's initiative, his pact shall be signed and ratified by the civilized nations, the document drafted by the individual will become the pact of the nations for the preservation of their culture from the destruction which inevitably follows in the wake of any war, whether it be large or small, civil or international.

Possessors of the culture of the past, trustees of the culture of the present for the future, we shall, by the signature of a universal pact, set up a universal standard for culture and humanity, past, present and the future, and at the same time a universal standard for nations and their international relations.

Sir Shanmukham Chetty.

Politician, Parliamentarian and President.

BY JANUS

A Chamber in the shape of a perfect segment of a circle. The lower walls are panelled with grained rose-wood. Large semi-circular windows above let in an abundance of soft light that seems to swoop on the people below. The pillars of black marble gleam with lines of light. And the patterns of romantic Moghul lattice work break the austerity of a wooden sense of prevalent formality.

It is the Legislative Assembly at New Delhi, the Parliament of India. At the curved desks arranged in semi-circular tiers, at which once Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Lala Lajpat Rai sat, lounge a curious assortment of men supposed to represent India.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse in one his Mulliner stories describes the hierarchy of a Hollywood film studio. First, there is the Director whose word is first in everything and the last. After him come the "Yes-men". Below them in rank are the "Nodders". The function of the "Yes-men" is to say 'Yes' to all that the Director says. The business of the nodders is to nod in their turn. The real "Yes-man" and the nodder are, I suppose, born,—not made. And to see them there is no better place in India to-day than the Legislative Assembly.

The Treasury Benches direct. The "Yes-men" say 'Yes', the nodders nod. The whole thing is a first class entertainment; the farce is as unreal and as ridiculous as any that Hollywood can put across. The Congress policy of boycotting the Legislatures led to this national disaster. The country is left to voice itself with the thin, small, trembling, shivering voices of these yes-men and nodders with only pot-pouches and bald heads to recommend them. They nodded to Acts to gag and gore India. They nodded to the Ottawa Agreement. They nodded to the Ordinance Bill. They would nod at their own death warrants.

In this strange pickle of small nodders, big nodders and champion yesmen, the eye picks out the most prominent figure, perched on a throne-like seat with an impressive wig, the Speaker of the Assembly. The first one to adorn this seat was a patriarchal figure, old with age and wisdom, an arresting figure with noble features, penetrating eyes, a fine beard and a commanding voice. A great man, a brave soul and a powerful personality.

To-day, on this seat sits a young man, tall, lithe, clean-shaven, immaculately dressed, proud, happy, alert and intelligent. He is the Speaker, Sir Shanmukham, a conspicuous figure in the official life of India.

With the beginning of the Montague-Chelmsford Reform, a well-groomed figure of a young man of 28, of good fortune, walked the floor of the Council Chamber at Madras. Others who sat with him in that Council at that time became Ministers. Dr. P. Subbaroyan, in fact, became Chief Minister. The young man has grown up to be forty—that age to which is given the subtle epithet 'still young'. That means, of course, that he is not old enough to be taken for granted, not too young to be of no consequence. Men who ever became anything had to arrive when still young. Otherwise they never arrived at all.

Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, K. C. I. E., the Speaker of the Assembly—rather he who seldom speaks—in his career has sampled so many parties that he is best fitted to be the only non-party man in the House. He has changed his parties as surprisingly and as easily as women change their minds, and as brazen-facedly has laid the blame on some one else. In these twelve years Sir Shanmukham has walked from one party to another, as the drunkard from one tavern door to another, just to quench his thirst. From Justice to Independent; from Independent to Swarajist; from Swarajist to Congress; from Liberal to Self-Respect, from thence to non-descript—he has knocked at many doors. He even aspired for the leadership of a Youth Movement after the Fascist style, a kind of "Grey Shirts," conceived by an Englishman and an Indian-woman politician.

Even as he entered a party, he was edging towards the exit. His faith was ever filigreed with doubt; his loyalty was laminated with license. He owed allegiance to only one man inside or outside parties, and that was Shanmukham Chetty himself. A man might change his party once through conviction, twice through courage. But if an ambitious man with a keen head plays leap-frog with parties more than twice it must be through sheer cussedness. He did not care to which party he belonged. He cared too much for himself. And it must be said that the parties seldom cared for him either. It never fell to the lot of any Indian to be the Godson of a Swarajist Leader and of the Viceroy's in one life. It is a unique distinction by itself!

If he has had no faith, he has a blatant brilliance. When he gave up the chance of commanding a portfolio at Madras and went to Delhi it was for a new world to conquer. With his self-confidence and assurance, he preferred the birds in the bush to

the one almost in the hand. According to an oriental tradition, the swan would suck only the pure drops of milk out of even a vast pool of water. Sir Shanmukham has the same capacity, and he digests it so much that he grows fat upon it. With an iota of truth he has often varnished the worse appear the better reason. And he did it with such conviction and vehemence that the layman often murmured: "Methinks there is much reason in his wisdom". It was this dangerous dexterity that was mainly responsible for the Assembly buying a pig in a poke in the Ottawa Agreement.

Whatever this Ottawa Knight took into his head, he studied so diligently that what he did not know about it was not worth knowing. He became steeped in his subject as preserved fruit in its syrup. And when his immaculate figure stood up for combat, he gave the idea that others were mere amateurs in the line. He was the only expert. The essence of industry that the Madrasi is noted for all over India is concentrated in the Member from Coimbatore. Even his speeches were prepared with the painstaking care of an under-graduate. His Budget speeches have a certain patent perfection; his epigrams are labelled labour; his maxims the pith of perseverance. Not a thing is left to the inspiration of the moment in the scheme of his oratory.

The members of the Assembly to-day no more represent the nation than do those printers' devils represent the editorial idea in a newspaper. They are all misprints that have entered the front page, not through individual merit but through national negligence. But Mr. Chetty has been on the front page with his broad smile, amounting almost to a grin, since 1923. He has almost been an infant political prodigy, for he came to Council straight from College.

Born in October 1892 and educated at the Madras Christian College, he came into local prominence as a student-debater of the inter-collegiate societies. Lord Willingdon was Governor of Madras when young Mr. Chetty filled Caithness Hall and Y. M. C. A. Auditorium with his under-graduate oratory. The shrewd Lord Willingdon spotted him as a sure winner. Thus he is claimed by the Viceroy as his political godson now.

In 1920 he entered the Madras Council, and in two years was appointed Council Secretary to the Development Minister and was once deputed by the local Government to report about measures of Temperance Reform in Bombay, Bengal and the U. P. In 1923 he was elected to the Assembly. The following year, he was one of the members of the Deputation sent by the National Convention to England. In 1926 he visited Australia as Indian

representative from the Assembly. The same year he was returned unopposed to the Assembly for a second time. He was the Chief Whip of the Swarajist Party in the Assembly and a lieutenant of Pandit Motilal Nehru. In 1928 we heard of him as the adviser to the Indian Employers' Delegate at Geneva, which he monopolised for two more years. His re-election to the Assembly in 1931 and his questionable escapades at Ottawa are well known. He was knighted last June; " as a reward for his services to the Empire," say unkindly critics. When he was elected unopposed to the Chair of the Assembly, the Countess of Willingdon is said to have exclaimed: "Why, the Speaker is only a child". Yes, and the Bible says: "And a little child shall guide them". But, WHITHER?

Swami Vivekananda & His Message.

BY SWAMI SUNDARANANDA

STUDYING the genesis of the cultural growth and decline of the different nations of the world, any critic of history will not fail to observe that every nation represents a speciality as its formative principle, which regulates its evolution along distinct lines. The West has adopted politics and material prosperity as the basis of its national culture, but for good or evil, spirituality has been the *Summum Bonum* of the Hindus from time immemorial, and it has found its fullest expression in their sculpture, painting, music, literature and other fine arts. This cult of religion had saved the Hindus from many disastrous catastrophies. Some of the most ancient races have become extinct because they were not able to keep up their respective specialities against the onslaught of many powerful alien cultural invasions, and the Hindus still survive because they have been able to maintain the continuity of their current of spirituality like the perennial flow of the Ganges. It is a record in history that Hinduism, due to its immense inherent vital strength, has been able to successfully resist all kinds of internal and external troubles, which had threatened its very existence many a time. Hinduism has produced many towering spiritual personalities and the culture which emanated from them has continued to fertilise the spiritual soil of the land.

In the beginning of the last century, the Hindus, coming in contact with the material civilization of the West, were, at the very onset, taken aback, convulsed, dazzled and almost frightened into stupidity. The inferiority of the East was proclaimed from the house-tops and its once glorious culture, sanctified by the hoary tradition of the ages, was discarded with contempt. The lives of the most of the " elite " of India were regulated by the influence of the Western cultural atmosphere, with the sad result that the whole country was all but swept away by the glamour of materialism. Mere cravings of flesh and satisfaction of animal propensities dominated and absorbed the attention of society. But as has been the case on many other occasions, so also in this most critical time of Hindu history, the reaction soon set in, and there arose a tremendous spiritual force in the person of Swami Vivekananda, who, himself an embodiment of all the best in the East and the West, trumpeted forth the ways of absorption and assimilation for the spiritual and social salvation of India and her people.

The renaissance movement by Rajah Ram Mohan Roy of the Brahma Samaj in Bengal and Swami Dayananda Saraswathi of the Arya Samaj in the Panjab found their fulfilment in the revival movement inaugurated by Swami Vivekananda. Under his influence, the blind imitation of Western materialism gradually gave place to a realisation of the real task before the Hindus. "Up India," he said, "and conquer the world with your spirituality. Spirituality must conquer the West; we must go out, we must conquer the world through our spirituality and philosophy. There is no other alternative, we must do it or die. The only condition of national life, of awakened and vigorous national life, is the conquest of the world by Indian thought." The success attained by him in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago added considerable weight to his bold assertions, and played a very important part in stimulating the dormant signs of life in the dying body of Hinduism. But it must be borne in mind that the Swamiji's overflowing glorification of Indian spiritual heritage and his respect for the ancient sages and Rishis did not stand in the way of his condemning the innate defects of our past, which have been the source of some mischief to the unity and progress of the Hindu race. He vociferously eulogized all that was good and vehemently condemned all that was bad, Eastern as well as Western. Equally emphatic was he in voicing the truth, that the regeneration of India could only take place by asserting her own ideal and not by slavish imitation of the West. Although the great Swamiji was sternly against the introduction of all ascetic schemes of life for the people of India as a whole, yet he was never in favour of separating the religious from the material life of the people, as the modern Communists fondly aspire to do. In his lecture on "Practical Vedanta," the great Patriot-Saint declared: "The fictitious differentiation between religion and the life of the world must vanish. The ideal of religion must cover the whole field of life, it must enter into all our thoughts and more and more into our practice. Spiritualism and materialism must run parallel to each other." This aspect of his message should be stressed very strongly once more when futile attempts are in progress for mechanization of the people by divorcing religion from the active national life in India.

This is the month when the different centres of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission will be celebrating the Birthday anniversary of Swami Vivekananda with pomp and grandeur. So it is quite in keeping with our tradition to turn our mind to that grand and marvellous manifestation of Divinity in the Swami, specially to that aspect of his message which should be emphasized again and again until the object is achieved.

The Message of Swami Vivekananda for his countrymen was the message of Vedanta. His Vedanta is not a special book or doctrine, but the revelation of the fundamental Principle of the Universe. His Vedanta knows no caste, creed or colour, and its philosophy knows no system or sophistry. From the Vedantic standpoint, he praised the Brahman of the Hindus, the Ahura Mazuda of the Zoroastrians, the Jehova of the Jews, the Buddha of the Buddhists, the Christ of the Christians and the Allah of the Muslims. He despised no religion and ran down no Prophet. He laid stress on Vedanta, because in ideal it proclaimed the same truth which he incessantly voiced forth, i.e., the harmony of all religions. It was on this ground only he maintained that Vedanta has the best claims to be recognised as the Universal Religion. Having obtained the truths of religion by personal realisation he declared: "One eternal religion existed through all eternity and will ever exist, and this one religion is expressing itself in various forms in various countries. So instead of being antagonistic to any we must show infinite sympathy to all, knowing that so long as different natures are born in this world, the same religion will require different adaptations." The propagation of this idea above all other ideas is the crying need of the hour, specially in India, where communalism is eating into the vitals of the nation.

Another important aspect of the Swamiji's message which ought to be stressed more than it is usually done is the strong condemnation of privilege—claims based on birth, caste, intellect as well as on reservation and safeguarding of group interest and so on. He believed that the chief cause of India's present degenerate condition was her neglect of the masses due to the privilege-mongering of her classes. He exhorted his countrymen to give up the privileges enjoyed by one class over the other, and he urged his countrymen to reconstruct society on the ethical principle of Vedantic equality: "None can be a Vedantist," said he, "and at the same time admit of privilege to any one, either mental, physical or spiritual; absolutely no privilege for any. All beings great and small are equally the manifestations of God; the difference is only in the form of manifestations. The work of Advaita is, therefore, to break down all these privileges. So we must give up the idea of privilege, then will religion come, before that there is no religion at all." This mischievous idea of privilege, or the sense of class superiority, has been the source of all divisions and sub-divisions into hundreds of little groups, each taking care not to touch the others and thus Hindu Society has lost mutual sympathy and co-operation amongst its members. "Mark me," said the Swamiji, "then and then alone you are a

Hindu when the very name sends through you a galvanic shock of strength. Then and then alone you are a Hindu when every man who bears that name, from any province, speaking our language or any other language, becomes at once the nearest and the dearest to you. Then and then alone you are a Hindu when the distress of any one bearing that name comes to your heart and makes you feel as if your own son were in distress." May this message of the Swami inspire the heart of the Hindus in their national crisis !

Swami Vivekananda was, above all, a great patriot. Patriotism to him meant transfiguration of one's own personality into the soul of the people. In his admirable address on "My Plan of Campaign" he uttered these blessed words: "They talk of patriotism. I believe in patriotism. I have my own ideal of patriotism. Love opens the most impossible gate. Love is the secret of all success. Do you, therefore my would-be reformers, would be patriots, do you feel that millions and millions of decendants of God and sages have become next door neighbours to brutes ? Do you feel that ? If you can feel, that is patriotism." In this connection, Swamiji's passionate exhortation to his countrymen comes persistently to my mind: "Forget not," he said, "that the lower classes, the ignorant, the poor, the illiterate, the cobbler, the sweeper is thy flesh and blood, thy brother. * * Proudly proclaim, 'I am an Indian, every Indian, is my brother. Say, the Brahmin Indian, the Pariah Indian is my brother. Say brother, that Hindu Indian, Muslim Indian, Sikh Indian, the Buddhist Indian, Christian Indian is my brother'." In an inspired moment he said in another place : "May I be born again and again and suffer thousand miseries, so that I may worship the only God that exists, the only God I believe in, the sum total of all souls, and above all, my God the wicked, My God the miserable, My God the poor of all the races and species. May these be the special object of my worship. * * God is present in every being. There is no other God besides that. He who serves all beings serves God indeed ." May these words of the Swamiji find a place in the heart of the people in celebrating his birthday !

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Live and Let Live.

BY P. V. AGHORAM AIYAR

AFTER the introduction of the Temple-entry Bill, the antagonism between the Reform Section and the Conservative Section of Hindu Society has become very sharp. Both sides are carrying on the most vigorous propaganda in favour of their respective views. Orthodox Hindu Society always bestirred itself whenever the smallest interference with socio-religious usages was attempted by legislation or otherwise. So far as the modern age is concerned, the hostilities commenced from the time of the great reformer, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, and whatever the measure of reform proposed to be carried out by those who moved forward, the orthodox section of Hindus did not fail to bring home the objections to reform.

The social history of the last hundred years and more, in Hindu India, presents the spectacle of point after point lost by the orthodox Hindu, after fruitless and unavailing opposition. The Government, being foreign in character, generally tried to keep neutral in the fights between the two sections of the Hindu Society; but in the majority of cases, the reformer carried the day; often however orthodox opposition has successfully *postponed* the coming on of certain measures of reform; the failure of the earlier generation prepared the country for the reception of the reform in the succeeding generation.

The Reform section of Hindu Society has for the last one hundred and odd years been doing its manifold work more systematically and with all the equipments of modern organisation than the Orthodox section. Every modern religious organisation in India, which has attempted to do any class of reform work has been pushing on with its work, almost with the efficiency with which any organisation in the West does its work. So far as the orthodox Hindu is concerned, the first serious attempt to organise and voice his beliefs was made in opposition to the Post-Puberty Marriage Bill of Mr. Srinivasa Sastriar, now Right Honourble. The Heads of the Sankaracharya Mutts did not then so zealously stand by the lay opponents of the Bill. At present, the attitude of these Heads of Mutts is well-defined; the Govardhana Mutt Sankaracharya is now at the very head of the opposition; whatever prestige and weight of moral authority is left to these monastic Heads, after centuries of political vicissitudes, is surely lent to the orthodox section of Hindu

Society. They have clearly understood the need for organisation now; for the short time they have set about organising, I think they have covered excellent ground, and they do not seem to be a bit behind their reform-brethren in the genius for organisation. Money is a *sine qua non* of organisation, and it seems to be coming into the orthodox cause with sufficient readiness. The second requirement is workers; and the orthodox are not without means to supply this need. They have men in their midst with ability and fitness of high order, to turn to every form of useful work in connection with their cause. They have speakers, and press men to do excellent propaganda for their cause. As for the required equipment of learning in the old literature, to present arguments about their point of view, they have men who could challenge comparison with some of the best savants of the West. It is true that, from the point of view of the reformer, many of the arguments of the orthodox opponent are grotesque and irrational; even so, the orthodox are accusing the reform section of sacrilege, blasphemy, and vandalism. When the charges are so evenly balanced, and the fight is still going on, he must be a rash man who would say that the right view is held by one of these parties alone, and, therefore, that the other party is in the wrong. In a time of disquiet (and probably there is hardly any period of time without these disturbances) every responsible man has to reflect as deeply and conscientiously as he can on the pros and cons of controversy, and live and work for the practical realisation of the aim or the goal which seems to him to be the right one. It may be that in his view, the case does not admit of two simple alternatives, but that he is in a minority. The least he has to do in such a case is to make his own conduct square as far as is humanly possible with his conviction, and hope to live and witness the general acceptance of his view by society.

There is one real handicap to the orthodox. It would be a matter of real difficulty for them to keep their adherents staunch. Their numbers are apt to thin. By the force of circumstances, the leaders of this section must find, to their embarassment, large wholesale secessions taking place. This ought to happen, because of the impact of thought and knowledge from the opposite section. The present age is predominantly a sceptical, reasoning, inquiring age. The arguments for disbelief have been marshalled more successfully than those for belief. It is true that a good part of the reasoning and enquiry carried out into the region of the ultimates, is a sort of much ado about nothing, and involves a fundamental vice of mind. But the original placidity of mind, characteristic of early ages of human history and so well-adapted to nurturing beliefs, even though unfounded in character, has

given way wholly. The mind is in a state of revolt, and hence every form of antagonism appears in life to-day. The revolting mind is just the agency that loves to question the credentials of beliefs; no wonder, that the basis of belief is being undermined from every conceivable point of view, and the ranks of the army of revolt are filled by the increasing number of seceders from the thinning ranks of the army of belief. I should say that the interpreters of orthodox belief are doing their level best in conformity with the intellectual requirements of the present time to rationalise their beliefs and usages. But the best they do in that line does not seem to be sufficient to keep the rebels under control, and they have the misfortune of losing to their cause many a bright intellectual. In a hauteur, we may say that numbers do not matter in regard to religion, and a minority of discriminating followers is better than an army of fools. But we would be going against facts to consider every seceder to be a fool. Some very bright intellects from old, unchanging Hinduism have left the orthodox fold and are swelling the ranks of reformers, and some of them are leading reform causes.

As I said before, the social history of the last hundred and odd years in Hindu India has been characterised by a clash of forces. During the same period, perhaps no other country in the world has faced such long-standing socio-religious conflicts. They have their own bitternesses in other respects, but nowhere, such persistent fighting over socio-religious matters; propaganda has been met by counter-propaganda. The zeal of a propagandist is proverbial. A propagandist cannot help being a partisan; every zealous sponsorship of a cause is apt to be marked by intolerance of opposition. We may, by studied courtesy and decorum of manner, keep our feelings against the opponent under control, but the volcano may burst any moment. Sponsorship of a cause which has the misfortune to encounter opposition is in nine cases out of ten apt to betray cantankerous partisanship. The opponent's cause is mutilated, and the virtues of our cause are exaggerated. The millenium is pictured as possible of realisation by the attainment of our aim. The evil we are trying to remedy is presented as the worst of human ills, as untouchability is presented as the worst of evils afflicting the Hindu social body. Wherever propaganda is done for remedying any evil, a lurid picture of evil is painted, and an attempt is made to awaken sympathy by unbalancing the mind. It has been said that conservatism has the best men, while liberalism has the best cause. If the above statement be true, the services of the best representatives of conservatism would be required to achieve successes for liberal causes. But are we going to get it at any time in History?

Meanwhile, this Society has been done to death by the efforts of both types of leaders, each of whom desires to storm the citadel. Our newspapers and magazines are so endlessly vociferous about the one view or the other. The bulk of the people have become quite "fed up". Each side has made a fetish of its pet doctrine. The onslaughts made on the minds of the people, by both sections, have been terrible. The least service that the men who lead both these sections can do to the Society is to give a very good chance for "live and let live". Quite a welter of confusing ideas has been created by the years of clash. Nobody gets the time or the chance to calmly and dispassionately reflect on the live issues of the day, and form conclusions, undeterred by the importunities of propagandists. If even a decade could be be lived in India without the propaganda and counter-propaganda of both the sections, and things go down to the bottom, and some kind of silent crystallisation takes place, it would be very well for us all, whatever the result. After an immense amount of preparatory work, we take stock of the situation. Some amount of withdrawal of the national mind would be helpful to send the ferment down. Speaking for myself, I have been getting some glimpse of that state of mind. I am trying to study with dispassion the pros and cons of this controversy. I am not without some definite programme of social good. Mine is non-exciting, because non-contentious. It cannot impress by fanfaronade. But if done in the right spirit, like the dew which brings into blossom good roses, this can work a silent revolution in the lives of the people. In a separate paper I shall tell the reader of my programme. On the present controversy which divides Hindu India into two sections, I have my conviction, and the statement of it is more dangerous to the orthodox position than Gandhi's comparatively innocuous temple-entry. I am picturing to myself a time when the people of India shall have so fully and universally absorbed the *spirit* of Adwaitism, and the *ethics* of Buddhism, that they no longer require temples for worship, or intermediaries between man and God. In that blissful state I expect the Indian people to silently bring about a wholesale secularisation of all religious institutions, by turning them to all kinds of humanitarian uses. As Adwaitism and Buddhism have sunk into the national consciousness, I suggested that the secularisation may take place here as pointed out by me. But I shall not be sorry for secularisation of these institutions taking place on grounds of pure humanity, whatever may be the fortunes of Adwaitism or Buddhism with the Indian people.

I have my own dreams of a perfect state. In polity the institution that is most likely to help it on is a socialistic republic. You must build a proletariat state and proletariat civilization.

But the mistakes and excesses of Russia must be avoided. Such a state will accomplish the goal of economic equity and equality in the best possible manner. It will make illiteracy a thing of the past. If ignorance is removed, superstition will not befog the mind. A people who accomplish the above result will, without violence, bring about the humanitarian secularisation of all religious institutions. But no state, however economically sound, is worth living in without accomplishing the fundamental goodness of man. The enlightenment of the mind and spirit such a people must attain by the ends of pure culture, is the asset with which they will attack the problem of physical and moral evil and solve both. Whether they do it in the name of science or religion it does not matter, but they will not have any idolatry sanctioned either by religion or by science. In such a perfect state, I expect the people to have the best possible health, and so little of illness; but whatever the character of their illness, I expect pure Hahnemannian Homoeopathy to take them in hand and gently and imperceptibly lead them to a state of health and vigour. I don't feel equal to embarking on a mission for accomplishing this consummation. I perceive the sure drift of events in that direction. The sub-conscious influences of national life are after all very much more potent than the conscious influences. I would not for anything disturb the placid contentment of a single Hindu who still dreams of the golden past. Whatever may be my individual views and convictions on the vexed problems of our social life and whatever may be the views and convictions of the leaders of both sections of the community, all I plead for is, let us give a chance for 'live and let live'.

On one matter I wish to be hard both on the Reform group and the Orthodox. Both are apparently insensible of the devastating economic depression that is doing destruction all round. Both are heartlessly fleecing the poor people and taking contributions for their respective work, when the people are famishing for bread. The Reform section led by Gandhi are the worse sinners in this respect. It will be said that contributions are voluntary. That is only a make-believe. If Gandhi had the facts before him, regarding the distressed economic state of the people, it is hoped, he would not have chosen the present time for the collection of funds for the work. The edicts of the Sankaracharyas favour the retention and perpetuation of many a religious usage. Most of these usages involve expenditure of money on a scale not attainable by the majority of people in these hard times. The real truth of the matter is that, as to your religious as well as political institutions, the existing arrangements are designed to favour the "haves" and to drive the "have-nots" to the wall. The polity of the future must end this vice.

India and the Economics of Isolation.

BY GURDIAL MALLIK

THE other day there was a paragraph in the papers to the effect that a certain member of the Legislative Assembly had tabled a resolution recommending withdrawal of India from the League of Nations, presumably because she had not gained anything appreciable *politically* from her association with that international organisation. This smacks rather of the "economics of isolation," on which the cause of world-peace has so often been shipwrecked. Peoples' memory should not be so short-lived as to have shoved into the background of their consciousness the cry of that standing witness to the pernicious policy of self-sufficiency, the Great War of 1914.

Again, to think of one's association with another in terms of political gain cuts at the very root of our common humanity. Has not the League of Nations so many other branches of work which conduce to the welfare of the *whole* world? Why should we, for instance, not avail ourselves of its activities in the fields of labour, intellectual co-operation, and health? We are all sensitive to the sting of the mosquito, to the tyranny of the machine and to the evil effects of jingo journalism, and so co-operation in fighting these evils, from whatever quarter it is extended, should be gratefully received.

But above everything else, what the educated section of our country's population, as of every other country needs is a study of the ethics of internationalism, for that way alone lies world peace. For, it is a truism in the world of human affairs that in the last analysis it is on public opinion that the success of any institution, which subserves the larger interests of life, depends. Accordingly, if the League of Nations, which embodies the ideal of a human commonwealth, is to achieve its aim, it must be supported not only by national units as such but by each and every individual comprising that unit. For, public opinion is only an expression, in the aggregate, of what the individual feels and thinks.

And this individual feeling and thinking is largely moulded by one's reaction to the world's affairs. These reactions, in their turn, are a result of the degree of intelligence with which one takes an interest in those affairs. In this respect, the people of the country are under a severe handicap due to the lack of widespread literacy. Consequently, the burden of moulding people's feeling and thinking in support of the League of Nations must of necessity,

at least for some years to come, fall on the intelligentsia of the country.

It is our bounden duty to give the League our whole-hearted support. As stated in a report recently issued by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies :

It is agreed both by those who support the League of Nations and by those who oppose it that the success or failure of the League depends on public opinion. If the people of the world want the League to succeed, then the League will succeed. If the people of the world want the League to fail, then the League will fail. No Government in any country will dare to oppose the League if the public opinion of that country wishes to support it, nor will any Government support it if the public opinion wishes to oppose it.

This is the truth of the matter. Will each one of the educated sections of our population, who are supposed to constitute the "advance guard" of idealism, do his or her bit ? India which has always appreciated the ideals and institutions, which conduce to the unity of humanity, at least expects her children to do their duty.

The Vision.

BY U. S. RAMACHANDRAN

HIGH up near the peak of a mountain, far from the madding crowd, sat a young Yogi with eyes shut—evidently in a calm, contemplative mood. Nothing is there to break the sombre silence, not even a splash where a river glides past a mountain slope. In the argentine splendour of the moon, Nature sleeps quietly and the silence of the hills breathes hope and love to the very soul of the young contemplator.

He remained stock-still, focussing his mind intently on his Master.

Swami Sivanand had been awaiting for two years and more, on the lonely summit of the bleak Virdagiri, the *dharsan* of his Master. Two years since the young Swami had heard a voice of assurance that the Master would meet him and reveal to him his life's mission. One stormy night the young man stole away from home to Svetaranya, full of expectations. But these ardent expectations have been long baffled. Now the hour of ripeness had come at last.

It was midnight when his spirit left its corporeal frame and in his *sukshma sharira* the Yogin roamed over hills and dales in wild ecstasy. As he wandered on, beautiful pageants gleamed upon his sight. But it is said that the pall over his motherland drew his attention and that he turned away his aching sight from the visions of glory to contemplate the sorrow of the Mother and at last, feeling his heart-strings violently pulled, threw himself on his Master's guidance.

After a while a tremor moved the stately frame, and the spirit of the Yogi re-entered the body. He beheld the quiet charm and grandeur of the night—the moon throwing a silver mantle over the long, dark woods, the river now dashing against the rocks, and now turning away like a bashful maiden, with the silvery rays shimmering on its bosom. Slowly and thoughtfully Sivanand moved to a spot whence he could command a full view of the river.

As he sat there, he heard the still sad music of humanity through the corridors of distance. The memory of the woeful sights that had greeted him in the world came floating like dying odours. Doubt and despair overwhelmed him until he started from his reverie and with reverential eyes looked towards a neighbouring rock. Suddenly a low, sweet voice arose. The sound at such a time and in such a solemn night, vibrated from tree to

tree, from crag to crag, till it seemed to pierce the sky and then die away in infinitely distant pulsations among the trembling stars.

With a shock of mild surprise the Yogi darted towards the direction whence the voice emanated. And he came to a lonely spot. There emerged slowly to sight from the fantastic shadows of the rock a pillar of flame. Its radiance spread on the lineaments of the devotee. From out of this luminous column there slowly appeared a human face, suffused with smiles and joy, but beaming with the tranquillity of wisdom.

The Yogi recognised at once his Master in the radiant figure before him and with bated breath and whispering reverence, advanced towards him. With his arms linked on his breast, his dazzling locks thrown behind, the Master slowly said : " Son, we are ever ready to answer a true, unselfish call. Go thou and help those who need thee. Thus are kept intact the links that open the pathway between gods and men."

The clear, thin, reed-like voice of the Yogi sounded on that lone mountain summit.

" Master," Sivanand cried, " I often go forth from my body, though far away from human haunts, and see shocking things in my Motherland. She is a fen of stagnant waters. * * * * I faint, tell me what to do, my Master."

The grave voice of the Master then spoke : " Child, it is true, it is a pity. Still thou art here ? Leave this cloistral seclusion and do thy duty among your fellow-men."

The Master then extended his hand in blessing, and his form disappeared immediately among the rocks.

The first streaks of dawn chased away the last shadows of night and gilded the thick foliage of the mountain with a golden lustre. The Yogi descended the mountain and set foot on the plains and looking back, saw the bleak summits where he had seen the blessed vision the night before.

The Creation of the Emerald.

BY F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

COLD white mists drifted and veered above grey rocks. There was no trace of life, no sea-birds cried, no green sea-rack drifted in from that cold-leaden sea but there was one Being there. Seated on a throne hewn from the rock and so motionless he might have been a carved figure himself, sat a man dressed in black armour, fully accoutred with his shield on which was depicted a carrion-crow ; beside him rested the knight. His face was livid and dark ; he seemed plunged into profound reverie.

It was Balor Beman, King of Death, in his Kingdom called Never Never. As he sat wrapped in thought, a jester in black approached, and bowing humbly waited to encounter the eye of his Master. After a while, Balor perceived him.

"Well, Daluan ," he asked harshly, " is there anything new in the accursed world of Man ? Death is the most monotonous of things. What is the best joke you know ?"

" A marriage, Majesty ," sniggered the merryman, " and this is more funny because everyone takes it seriously. It is patronised by your Majesty's rival, the Playboy himself. He has been playing Love's Almighty Glamour, or something quite as silly, on his harp. Might I suggest that though you have not received an invitation, it is an occasion on which you might be present ."

Balor got up. "I suppose I must take the blushing bride from the groom, or perhaps the groom from the bride. Nothing new in either case, still the reactions are always interesting, and to annoy that shallow idiot, the Fool of Brugh, is always a pleasure. Come Daluan."

Two ravens rose into the air.................

* * * *

In the spring all nature is smiling and gay. The varied scent of apple blossoms, May, and wild cherry mingled in the golden sunlight. The hedgerows are yellow with primroses, or white and purple with violets. All birds were in song. Under an apple tree the lovers were sitting hand in hand, talking as lovers ever have, looking into each other's eyes as lovers always will. They had no thought of impending evil, no glance aside for two dark shadows that stole close and mingled with the shades of an aspen.

"For ever, and for ever!" mocked Balor. "In an hour one of you will be cold, and the disfiguring fingers of decay will make an end of your beauty. I can't take both, for I want one to stop behind and mourn. Now, shall I take you my bonny girl, or you my gallant lad? Hey, Daluan, which shall it be?"

"Why really, my King, they are both genuinely in love; I never saw such sloppy sentimentality before. I hardly know what to suggest. I think the love-lorn lass is perhaps the most comical figure of the two."

"Well, be it so," said the blacker shadow, and poised a long slender dart in his right hand which he prepared to hurl, but if love is blind evil can also be blind. Balor did not see that between him and his intended victim Angus Oge was standing in a ray of sunlight. His fair face flushed with indignation at the cruel preparation of his dark enemy. Balor took good aim, he shot straight, he shot true. Angus struck with his golden sword of sunlight at the flying doom. It made the shaft of death fly above its victims and hit the tree from which sap began to fall in green tears, but Balor had also opened his third eye—the orb in his forehead, the 'eye of blasting'. For an instant the eye followed the deflected dart, the twofold death-stroke first caused green tears to fall and then turned those drops into stones.

The first emeralds had been created. Angus stood laughing at the defeated Balor.

"Alas, Balor," he said, "Gods have their laws. Twice you have struck, twice you have failed. The bride's bright hair will go well with the stones of beauty you have made. The third move is mine. I give these two many, many years of happiness. Begone baffled Evil."

Thus though emeralds have the green of Balor's enmity to human happiness, they are amongst the luckiest of precious stones, for they also reflect the verdant time of Spring, the everlasting revival of nature defeating winter and death.

Should the bride an emerald hold
On a ring of beaten gold.
She has there the gem of Spring
When the birds rejoice and sing.
Balor's struck at love in vain
Emeralds his defeat proclaim.

Reaching the Mars.

BY P. R. VENKATAKRISHNAN, B. A.

"JOLLY round joke," remarked Ramu getting up to a sitting attitude in his easy chair while laying aside the news-paper.

"Capital," assented Venketta.

"What do you think of the idea?"

"Suppose the thing does not reach there?"

"Why, let it go to dogs and there is the end. But it is the imagination that counts! They are original people—they are. I appreciate their curiosities. They have always something to think and work for. Success does not depend on 'us'. Striving—that is 'the' thing needed. Oh! We are a set of idlers. Not that we have no capacity or imagination or whatever it may be. We prefer to sit still and comment. Horrible! Horrible!"

Ramu had just read aloud in the news-paper about an American who was working at a rocket, which when projected, must explode twelve times, one above the other, and finally reach Mars. This information—as many others—had captured the imagination of the two friends. Ramu being something of a philosopher and a born talker, he was very glad to find a proper hearer in Venketta. He only wanted a subject—which he seldom found wanting—and he felt himself elevated to the occasion. Hence words flowed out freely from his mouth as bullets from a battery of guns. But Venketta was none of a philosopher, and he could not cease admiring the resourcefulness of Ramu. So the two friends met every day and each felt happy in the company of the other.

"We have much to learn," Ramu still continued the thread of comparing Indians with Americans, "and they to teach. You may not be able to perceive the difference all on a sudden. But there is."

"Is not Mars a great way off?" inquired Venketta.

"That is why the singularity in the idea!" replied Ramu. "Millions of miles is not a small round sum. It will have to pass through fifty miles of atmosphere and the ethereal region beyond and the atmosphere surrounding Mars—if there is any—before it can hit its surface."

"But Ramu, there are numerous stars and planets in the sky and the angle of projection ought to be very accurately measured?"

"Oh! You are very simple. You have not yet understood the bearing of the universe. Though it is very difficult to conceive the whole of it, stretch your imagination as far as it can go to all directions. You may know it is limitless. You cannot do it full justice—yet think of an endless space—that is universe. Now do you see the numberless stars in it? Well, each star has a system of its own with planets and satellites going around it. The sun is the smallest star in the heaven, although it appears big in comparison, and its diameter is 860,000 miles. Miles, mind you, in spite of the fact, it seems very small. It has too many planets, including our earth, going round it and the whole thing together is called the Solar System. This System, which to you seems inconceivable, is situated in an insignificant corner of the universe. But take the Solar System apart and think of it independently."

"You confuse me," and Venketta really felt giddy.

"There is nothing to get confused," went on Ramu. "The essential thing to be remembered is, that the Solar System has no connection with all the other Systems in spite of the fact that they all are moving with a tremendous velocity towards a final point. No one knows whether that point along with these Systems are also moving. This undiscovered uncertainty is changing many astronomers mad. But this is not our point. In the Solar System you have many planets scattered everywhere and the nearest planet of our earth is Mars."

"You are a wonder," said Venketta.

"The wonder is," Ramu stretched his body and legs in the easy chair, "you are not able to understand these simple facts." And again sitting up: "There is one more thing to be remembered. According to Newton, the heavenly bodies are attracting one another. You need not know anything about Newton but bear in mind the truth. It is on account of this theory that we are not living in chaos."

"Oh! God is great," said Venketta looking up.

"So if you drop anything from within a certain distance, it falls on earth. Similarly, if it is let go from a certain distance of Mars it falls on Mars due to its law of gravitation. Therefore, the only thing needed is, project the rocket with such a force that it reaches that limit and then it ought to reach Mars."

"You have simplified the whole matter," said Venketta, "and I do not know whether they have thought so much over this."

" We need not bother about that." said Ramu as a superior being. " We can hear the result—very soon."

" But Ramu, how much money must be spent over this enterprise ? " demanded Venketta.

" How much ? A lot. Firstly, the rocket must be manufactured that can traverse at least seven-eighths of the whole distance and then a proper place ought to be selected and hardened, which can withstand the whole force because of the enormous reaction. I don't know whether the whole place will not quake."

" And what do you think is the use of all this ? "

" If they succeed......". Ramu had not completed the sentence, but Venketta interrupted him and said, " you yourself in doubt ?"

' Not exactly that ," said Ramu. " But you have to take the complete distance into consideration. So we can't definitely say how all this may end. If it becomes a success the scientists may boast. ' We have hit even the Mars and what is there that Science cannot do ?' But I don't think there would be any difference in our line of thinking until some one goes to Mars and comes back to tell us about the nature of the people living there—their customs, manners and everything connected with them ."

" And what difference will that make in us ?"

" The people might abandon the idea of conquering the lands on Earth and try to annex Mars to Earth ," smiled Ramu. "But you are growing intolerable ."

" You may say so. But I am really in earnest."

" Did I say you are not ? " went on Ramu. " How can I answer such questions ? "

" Then how do you think is it possible for one to reach Mars ? "

" He must be put in a thick-walled enclosure," simply said Ramu, " and shot out."

" But the velocity ? "

" One need not trouble about the velocity," said Ramu assuming a serious air. " Do you know with what velocity Earth is travelling ?—In many digits. And we do not feel it. Because we are in Earth. So when one is inside a moving body, he will not be conscious of its motion. But the initial increasing, and the final decreasing velocities must be very gradual. Or the man will die of a shock. I can't say what the Americans cannot do."

" If one reaches there, then how is it possible for him to ome back ? "

"If the former is possible," said Ramu getting a little bit irritated owing to the narrowness of the question, "then where is the difficulty about the latter? The man may be taught the process of sending him up and by using the same contrivance he can very easily return."

"But going up and coming down are entirely different things?" persisted Venketta.

"You have mistaken me," said Ramu in a desperate manner. "It is more easy for me to go to Mars and come back than make you understand about this simple mystery of the universe. You need not question me about its truth, but you may depend upon the fact that if you are transported to Moon, Mars or any of those heavenly bodies, to you all the other bodies must appear as above your head. But it is better for you to watch from the Moon."

"You are as good as an information bureau," Venketta refrained from using the expressions, "Information Incarnate" lest he might be ridiculed as a human worshipper, for he feared the twentieth century.

"Or is life worth living?" Ramu was vehement. "One must know something of everything and everything of something. The proverb is all right. But who cares for its sense? Do not think I am finding fault with humanity. I know repeating a proverb is one thing and following it another. I can't be so cynical as to say that everyone is a fool. But I can prove that nothing will improve the world except learning."

"You are always right," said Venketta. "But I am still in doubt about that mystery."

"Is it my fault that I am Geoffrey's son?" Ramu quoted this famous line smiling, while he collected the fallen newspaper, and soon the friends parted.

That night Venketta dreamt he was moving towards that point towards which the Solar System moved and when he returned he was greeted with the name of 'Modern Columbus'.

The Fair Penitent.

BY P. G. KRISHNA IYER, B.A., L.T.

IT was 10' clock in the night. The crescent moon, whose silvery rays had brightened the western horizon and cheered up the rising tides, was hastening down the surface of the restive sea. Her last lingering beams were rapidly giving place to the advancing darkness all around. The wide sandy beach on either side of the protruding pier, which was humming with the leisurely talks of the large crowds of people who had gathered there to enjoy the cool evening breeze, had fallen to a weird stillness, which was disturbed only by the thundering clashes of the advancing and receding waves ahead. Wearily had departed even the last of the dock labourers. The tiny catamarans which used to ply about had all gone out into the open sea. Leela alone stood on the edge of the pier facing the west, her handsome face shaded with a deep tinge of sadness. She had cast away the gaudy and fashionable dress she was wont to wear before, and had attired herself in the simple garb of the country girl. Her slender body showed signs of intemperance: and yet the charm her symmetrical figure retained even then was exquisite. With her pensive eyes looking at vacancy she stood there like a marble statue. Once or twice her form seemed to wave to and fro, as though she was preparing herself to jump headlong into the fearful depths yawning in her front. "Fie upon it all—yes—upon the fashionable 'society life'," she muttered to herself with some excitement and disgust. "How have I fallen a willing victim to its all-consuming glamour like a silly moth!! The theatres, the cinema halls, the dancing parties, the drinking bouts, the at-homes, the banquets—how I shudder to look back upon them now!!!" she contined with anguish. "Has not the purity of my life been contaminated by a hundred vices beyond repair,—far beyond redemption? To get back to the simple village life, and to be the devoted wife of my dear, dear 'Madan'—may God bless his soul—whose unexpected death at the sea left me stranded on the shallows of the so-called 'society life'—to return to the ideal of Indian womanhood,—what shall I not give—yea—sacrifice for it? But alas! all that is too late for me." So overpowered was she at the thought that she became unnerved, and sat down on the plank, and covering her face with her hands fell to sobbing like a helpless little child.

Leela was never a bad girl. Born and brought up in an enlightened Hindu family of position and affluence, she had received

a course of liberal education in schools and colleges for some years. And when her husband left for Europe for higher education soon after their marriage, she entered society in the hope of equipping herself with all the social etiquettes of fashionable life. But the news of his tragic death in mid-ocean on his return journey so worked on her nerves and distracted her mind that quite unawares she fell in the company of people who led her astray. And when her first ardour for the new-fangled ideas had abated, and when she saw things in their true perspective, she shuddered and shrank within herself in utter shame. She would fain return to the ancient ideal of an Indian wife: but who would accept back one who had become a social outcaste and renegade in the village? The pleasures she was hankering after till then appeared monstrous--even criminal. The life she wished to get back to seemed beyond her reach. Would her Madan have taken her back even if he had lived, after all that she had been, and all that she had done? Surely not: what need, then, had she to drag on the rest of her life in infamy and shame?"

With her mind filled with such agonising thoughts, Leela sat there awhile, and then roused herself with an effort, and slowly approached the edge of the pier, her face glowing with a strange and ethereal pallor.

She looked around. Not a soul was visible anywhere near or far. The myriads of twinkling stars above seemed to mock at her irresolution. The chasms which opened occasionally among the blue waves appeared to beckon to her with glee. She clasped her hands in prayers: her eyes closed, and her trembling feet had all but started up from the pier. A moment more, and she would have cast herself precipitately into the open mouths of the hungry waves.

Just then a young man in police uniform who stood concealed near sprang up to her, and firmly caught hold of her.

"What are you at?" he asked with a quiet smile as he patted affectionately on her back.

"What means this audacity, Sir?" said Leela in helpless anger.

Policeman—"Audacity? On whose part, Madam? Don't you know that the action you were contemplating is an offence in law? You cannot deny it now. Come on."

"Nonsense! Leave me to myself, Sir, and let me go," screamed out Leela: and she made an effort to free herself from his grasp. "My husband calls me to the sea. Ho! My husband, my Madan beckons," she continued deliriously.

She then wept in great anguish, and wrung her hands in despair. But the policeman never let loose his firm hold on her. He dragged her gently away from the pier to the beach where she was placed in a waiting car and conveyed through a winding road to the 'Eastern Hills'. Leela sat in the car like one dazed. Her delicate frame shivered. A minute or two later she sank down in unconsciousness. She was in the grip of a consuming fever.

II

After his miraculous escape from the ship-wreck, Madan reached Bombay, and was soon appointed Head Assistant Collector of Belur. His captivating personality and quick grasp of facts, combined with his high character and winning affability, soon earned for him much esteem and popularity. He was strict and impartial in all his actions, and his name soon became a byword for justice and fairplay. While admiring what was best in the West, Madan remained every inch an Indian in his ideals and religious and social outlook. Hailing from a noble family of wealth and position, he had fortunately no occasion till then to taste of the bitter cups of life whose delightful course, therefore, seemed strewn with roses. But of late, the happiness of his mind was clouded by the thought of the conduct of Leela whose strange social metamorphosis pained him beyond measure. She who was a paragon of purity and virtue a few years ago had become a fallen creature. What a tragedy! When a good and virtuous woman breaks the bounds of age-long social conventions and rules of conduct, and runs madly in pursuit of the will—o' the wisp of what *passes* for social freedom, little does she realise how dangerous is the ground she treads on, and how great and terrible the fall that awaits her in the end: for, does not freedom misused easily degenerate into stinking license? How many hundreds of young men and women have their eyes dazzled and heads turned at the sight of the glittering trash—the so-called fashion and social freedom? Such were Madan's reflections whenever his mind dwelt on Leela who was the idol of his heart, and who, he fondly hoped, would be "the bone of his bone, the flesh of his flesh, and the spirit of his spirit." The Paradise he had hoped for in her company had tumbled down like a house of cards. The world which once enchanted him and thrilled his mind with joy and bliss looked a deceptive mirage. The thought of Leela which haunted him day and night cast a gloom over his spirits. The fond memories of her innocent smiles, and loving vows touched the vital cords of his heart and pulled them on towards her with irresistible force. He had only heard of her fall from others. He would see her and watch her conduct himself. For, to him Leela was incapable of such depravity.

Twelve long months had rolled on before Madan actually returned home in disguise to study at first hand the conduct and behaviour of Leela. He kept constant vigil over her for some time, and felt convinced that she had really fallen into bad ways, on account of circumstances over which she had no control. But his noble heart leaped in rapturous delight to know that in a moment of moral awakening she had suddenly realised her folly, and was longing to return, if possible, to the path of virtue once again, or to end her unfortunate life to avoid further dishonour. Madan resolved to save her out of the miry depths into which she had unknowingly fallen and got stuck. He followed her like a shadow unnoticed even on the fateful night which found her on the brink of a desperate action.

III

A week had elapsed since Leela had been conveyed to the 'Blue Hills' Bangalow where she lay struggling between life and death. Her high fever did not show any signs of abatement and in her unrestrained delirium she was often cursing vehemently those who led her astray in the name of 'Society Life'. Her wild look and fearful convulsions grew worse and more terrible as each day passed, and the doctor was in despair. Madan, who was nursing her by her side, endeavoured to console and comfort her day and night with words which, alas! fell flat on her fevered ears. She rolled to and fro on the sofa, often sat up suddenly as one inspired, and occasionally attempted even to run away in a fit of delirium. And, but for the constant attention paid to her by Madan, she would have met with her grave days before.

Two weeks passed thus in suffocating suspense: and then the fever took a turn for the better. Slowly did she begin to regain consciousness as the fever subsided by degrees until at last it left her entirely.

The 22nd day of her illness was slowly dawning when Leela looked at Madan who was nursing her with such tenderness and affection. Her languid and tearful eyes dwelt long on his charming figure again and again: and at last, she closed them in utter fatigue. "Is it after all a dream?" she asked herself. "It cannot be true, for, did not the cruel sea swallow him up? Can it be that his ghost has come here to admonish me for my past conduct?" she argued. Her hairs stood on end and her mind was so upset that she felt hopelessly unfit to continue the thread of her thoughts any further. Tears streamed down her pale and emaciated cheeks. Once or twice she attempted to speak, but the lump in her throat made the task well-nigh impossible.

"What ails you now, my dear?" said Madan in a gentle voice which seemed to bathe her in nectar-like bliss. "Do you recognise me, Leela?" he continued, his usual smile brightening up his lips.

"Recognise you, my dearest Madan? But pray, tell me first whether I am still in the dreamland."

"No, my love! you are now speaking to your.................." said Madan, and he pressed her well-formed chin softly with his trembling fingers.

Leela—" I am glad—really happy—to see you now, Madan!" so saying, she stretched out her creeper-like arms to Madan who took them in his, and kissed them a hundred times!

" I am very, very happy, my dearest Madan!" she continued, " that I am near you *now*, for, the days of your unfortunate Leela are numbered." And she sobbed in uncontrollable emotion. She then gently drew Madan towards her throbbing breast; and in his ears whispered, " Do you forgive me my desertion—my sins, Madan? Say you have forgiven, and let your Leela—am I not still *your* Leela? - die in peace."

Madan—" What is there to forgive, Leela? You thought I was drowned. No one can blame you even if you had chosen another as your partner in life."

Leela—" I did not choose another, Madan, but I fell into wicked ways. Alas! I was trapped. I repent for it all now—Yes, repent with all my heart." She stopped for her breath for some time and then continued, " Tell me, Madan whether you have forgiven me, and whether I may still claim to be your wife."

" Why not? You are now and for ever my dearest Leela," said Madan with an affectionate kiss on her ashy forehead. Leela heard the words as in a dream. Sh· felt dimly the sweet touch of Madan's fragrant lips. Her joy was too full for her wearied heart to hold. A convulsive shiver shook her entire frame and her last gasp seemed to express her loving thanks to Madan.

Mysteries of Celestial Dynamics.*

INTRODUCTION

BY C. S. SWETARANYAM

HUMAN nature being what it is, the adage is quite true that man never is but always to be blessed. The ordinary mind is keenly alive and directly responsive to all external influences that contribute to the fulfilment of its desires and appetites for outside objects that ensure its own happiness. The poor man wants riches in abundance while the rich man is desirous of becoming richer than his successful neighbour. The half-starved mill operative is not content with what is enough to keep him beyond his wants, while the million-aire gets no peace of mind till he finds his name displayed on the New Year's Day. In fact, every individual, whatever his station in life may be, strives his best to become higher than what he is already. The pleasure arising from the gratification of such a desire is as much his own pleasure as the kind he feels when reflecting in his mind the chances of his achieving the object of his ambition. As a rational being meditating on his own interest and happiness he has always a perception of the link that is wanting in his life, and consequently falls a victim to a passion to gratify the very desire that spins on his activities.

Though man is supposed to be the architect of his own fortunes, it cannot be denied that, in practice, whatever he may do he does not achieve what he desires if the time is not propitious for him and its enjoyment is beyond the scope of his destiny. In other words, he must be lucky enough to obtain the same, and better still, to enjoy the fruits of it. It is not known, however, as to when that expected hour ushers in, and even if that is known, what shape it is going to assume is still shrouded in mystery. We readily recognise that a man enjoys good or bad luck according to his fate which is preordained, otherwise we are at a loss to explain many of the riddles of this universe which we experience every day before us. It is a puzzle to many to explain the rationale of the phenomena of Jack dashing about the streets in a Rolls Royce to-day or walking in chains to the penitentiary to-morrow. The wheel of fortune moves on endlessly rotating on its axis, now raising him to the ministerial gadi only to force him down to subject himself to undergo the public examination of a Bankruptcy Court. It is, therefore, not

* A Chapter from a forthcoming publication of the author.

surprising that every one is anxious to know what is in store for him at the next turn of the wheel, whether it is a rise up the ladder or a fall down the pedestal, so far as he is concerned.

Our fore-fathers have been sagacious enough to find out that at certain periods, when the planets stand in a certain combination with each other and to one another, they give rise to certain positive results which vitally affect the destinies of human beings. It has been found possible to find out such combinations and their probable effect on individual human beings. Careful calculation, exhaustive analysis and scientific observation of the various positions of the planets and the fixed stars of the Hindu Zodiac at the time of birth of an individual have made it possible to ascertain accurately and even definitely at what time one is expected to thrive well in his profession or to sink low in the estimation of others.

Scientists of every country and generation have all agreed that the planets of heavenly bodies are constantly moving and changing their position and that every such motion or change of position influences, to a very large extent, the destinies of human beings. Certain specific results of a far-reaching character are sometimes noticeable as a result of one such position or change, while a similar one is found to yield sometimes dangerous and even disastrous consequences. In effect, the conviction grows within oneself that all these various changes effectively produced in the life of a man are the consequences of certain particular combinations of these planets. If this is accepted, the natural desire to ascertain and fix these combinations and correlate them with the corresponding results they are likely to produce is a temptation that is at once necessary and even irresistible. The science of Astronomy has laid down certain rules by which we can accurately ascertain the position of the planets at different periods in the year, and at the same period in different years. Modern Astronomy, in addition to determining distances and magnitudes with certainty, has devoted itself to verifying or correcting by means of greatly improved instruments the observations embodied in books of early writers on the subject. The photographic plate has revealed the presence of stars that were invisible to the eye in the field of the most perfect telescope.

The expected consequences of particular positions are the results of empirical experience handed down to us by our fore-fathers. In our country it is a general practice to note down the position of the stars at the time of birth of every Hindu, which is popularly known as the Horoscope, and if one can carefully and closely apply the rules which have been vouchsafed to

us by our sages to concrete cases, it is quite possible for any one to anticipate, indistinctly at least, as to what is in store for him in times to come. The man without any want may perhaps decry its importance or utility. He may not even think of this chart, the position of the planets or the natural consequences of such position so long as he is prospering in life, but finds himself suddenly drawn to this source of comfort and consolation when he finds himself the helpless victim of an unkind fate.

It is forgotten that it is these self-same planets that produce different effects at different times and under different conditions that are responsible for the glorious life once enjoyed but now gone for ever. When we look at nature and study its workings we are struck with wonder at these amazing contradictions, and we give up in despair all our attempts to solve the confusing puzzles of this unique universe, and we come to the irresistible conclusion that there is such a thing as Destiny in the universe. And this leads us to the question whether the science of Astrology does not, after all, lead us inevitably to the mire of fatalism. When once we enter the said field we are unconsciously driven to a position which leads us nowhere, unless we accept the theory that this science can have no meaning if we do not take our stand on the doctrine of the re-embodiment of the soul. Free-will has no place except to the extent of helping us for "the regulation of our future conduct from the mistakes we have committed in our birth". If we accept this doctrine we may perhaps try to explain and account for the fate which has brought into existence in our present life the consequences of our desires unachieved and aspirations unrealised, which have already been set in motion in a previous existence. Astrology does not decide but it only indicates whether something anticipated or unexpected is to come or not. Its function is in some way similar to that which is being performed by a policeman at the cross-roads, pointing out the obstacles we are likely to encounter, or the assistance we might obtain unexpectedly as we march along to work out our life's destiny. No doubt it is not possible to prevent the coming in of the one or the other, as the planets are there to exercise their influence one way or the other and thereby produce their legitimate effect, whether we like it or not, but it is quite possible to adjust oneself in a good period to enable one to tide over a bad one and *vice versa*. Hope is always brightening the spirit of man, imparting sufficient strength at a time of depression, and if he is forewarned and forearmed he will find his whole life one of smooth-sailing, and if this object is fulfilled, the author's pains would not have been in vain.

Sabarmati Ashram.*

2. LIFE FROM DAY TO DAY

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M.A. (Oxon).

ASHRAM life was planned to instil discipline, industry and humility. The Mahatma believes that the surest way to cheat the latent impurity of our human nature is to keep the body ceaselessly active under strict rules, according to our grandmothers' wise saying, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Thus every effort was made in our routine to leave no time without service, no opportunity for temptation to establish its stranglehold.

From before the dawn till late in the evening the Ashramite was kept at work; he had little time even for study or for leisure reading, save on the one weekly holiday. In upholding the supreme glory and need of manual labour, the training and feeding of the mind seemed at first to some of us to suffer neglect, but Bapu believes a pure heart will open the mind to the infinite inspiration of its own divinity, and it will then grow of itself, naturally.

It was still dark when the earliest bells were rung at 3-50 to rouse the girls and at 4 a. m to stir the men from their well-earned sleep. Hurriedly the essential toilet was rushed through, and at 4-30 a stream of lamps and shadowy figures moving in the darkness converged on the square level patch of sand, overlooking the wide river, which was long consecrated as the Ashram Prayer-ground.

Precisely to time, a single stroke of the gong, and the Pundit in charge of music began to lead in the favourite *bhajan*, *Raghupati Raghava Rajaram*, in which all joined. Then came the beautiful Sanskrit prayer, beginning, *Pratah smarami hriri samsphurdatmatattvam*, most of those present repeating it, though unhappily few of the children understood the words. This raises the old dispute as to whether prayer should not always be in the vernacular. After it, was *Govinda Dwarikavasin Krishna Gopijanapriya*, the sonorous syllables thundering like an organ's music on the starlit darkness. Then came the recital each day of a different chapter of the *Gita*, until all were completed. Only three or four of us could take part in this feat of memory, and a few others read with the aid of their lamps, hitherto obscured. Talking softly together, or silently in groups, the Ashramites went forth to the labours of the day.

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* The first part of this series appeared in our issue of January 1934.

The hour from 5 to 6 might be passed in private devotions, though many gave it to the study of Hindi or English, and then a cheerful bell called us through the dusk to our breakfast. We received a bowl of hot gruel and a slice of brown bread ; those who needed it were also given milk, but the *rab* and home-made bread were so delicious that few found the need. Ashram food was simple and wholesome and, once the palate was normal again, wonderfully tasteful. It is strange how pleasant are the flavours of milk or cabbage, plain bread or rice, when the senses are not drugged by tamarind or chillies, pepper or other spices.

Then began the day's work in earnest. Some went daily to the stables to scrub the floors and milk the cows ; others swept the Ashram paths with brooms ; others again prepared the morning meal in the fine kitchen. All in their turn went to clean the latrines. This was indeed a sacramental, purifying work that, bringing us at once into sympathy with the lowest castes of men, taught us to see God in everything, even in what the ignorant have named unclean. I know of nothing in our life more inspiring than this, to remove the "filth" of others and in its place to leave a room sweetly fragrant with new-drawn water, and those few who shrank from it at first lost much of the beauty that Sabarmati had to give. It was a noble thing to see the zeal wherewith the manager and the lady in charge of girls used to perform this sacred if lowly office; seeing that, one realised the true greatness of humility. It is a pity our School Managers and Headmistresses think themselves too great to do such things.

Those who were busy in this work or in the cow-sheds bathed before any other duty, but the rest had meanwhile gone to their classes. Here a little English and Hindi, Gujerati and Arithmetic, together with the various arts allied to spinning, were the main subjects, and some of the children took this work in deadly earnest. It was a quaint but charming sight to see the furious energy of these little ones, keeping their *charkha* wheels in ceaseless fruitful motion, and a healthy spirit of competition increased the output of their yarn. The manager explained that the real school, as planned, could not function during the Civil Disobedience Movement when most of the teachers were in gaol.

By 10 all were bathing at the wells or in the river, and the slapping of wooden rods told the hearer of clothes being washed. This done, a hurried glance at the news of the day gave us some thought for the silent meal which we all took together in the big hall, served by one another. The diet was plentiful and good,—rice, one vegetable and *dal*, big *rotis* made of wheat or maize or barley, with a spoon of ghee and a bowl of milk or curds. The fresh-boiled cabbage, taken with a little milk in its own juice, yet

lingers in my memory in pleasant contrast with the highly flavoured "delicacies" crowded on one's plate elsewhere. The rule of absolute silence after the grace had been said,—*Om, sahanavavatu*—and the absolute punctuality wherewith every little detail was carried out, gave our meal a monastic air. But that was at once relaxed as we gathered afterwards, laughing and chatting, round the taps to cleanse our plates and our share of kitchen pots, with the help of the yellow sand.

Another friendly social occasion would arise for those whose duty lay in cutting up and peeling vegetables for the evening meal. We used to gather with our home-made knives, and harmless greens died uucomplainingly amid our cheerful arguments on Ashram rules, theology, or Congress politics. This surely was one of the day's most happy hours.

At noon, the Ashram men answered roll-call, with a report of the rounds of cotton spun and prayers attended on the previous day. Then followed silence in the Compound while all, young and old, from manager to newest inmate, spun their sacrificial offering of yarn. Each had to show a daily quota of 160 rounds as *yagna* and as a prayer for the poor of India, who could be so greatly helped by the *charkha*, if all would use only *khaddar* in their homes.

Then began the afternoon classes, while others spun or wove or worked with the carpenter in the well-equipped *charkha* factory. The ceaseless humming of the wheels, the silent whirring of *taklis* in skillful fingers, and the industrious "tum-tum" of the carding-bow, making a tangled lump of cotton into a fairy cloud of fibres, blended with one another and with the quiet words of busy workers and the distantly-heard chanting of Sanskrit *shlokas* by those engaged in learning them.

Evening came, and most of us again snatched a few hurried moments for the news in the daily papers until another bell called us all to a supper of stiff kedgeree of rice and *dal*, with one vegetable and milk and brown bread. After washing our plates, we were free for an hour or so to talk with friends, to go for little walks, or to enjoy in quiet solitude the rich sunsets over the dreary plain.

The day's last function came with another bell, and all of us assembled in the twilight once again for evening prayers. At a single stroke upon the gong all were silent; then together we sang the favourite *bhajan*, and were again silent for about five minutes. All joined in the Ashram passage of the *Gita*, from Chapter II, describing a man well-poised and steady in his mind and heart. After that, the Pandit would sing some song, usually

in his own Mahratti, though once a week in Urdu, and once at least in Gujerati. To this evening meeting the public often came and were welcomed, though the Muslims among them regretted it was usually so Hindu in its form.

After Gandhiji's epic Fast in May, complete silence reigned at night; only those on night-guard from 9 till 4 might speak, and the few who must very early go to the cows. This guard was nightly shared by four of the Ashram folk, on duty two at a time for 3½ hours, and was forced upon us by the nearness of a camp of "thieves," who occasionally raided us and stole away our few possessions.

The rest of us employed the hour or so till 9 in study or in other reading, and then we slept, mostly under the stars, the sweet untroubled sleep of those whose minds are quiet and free from all anxiety.

It was a happy life. Ceaseless activity, genuine friendliness, with little of that gossip that poisons the leisure hours of so many of us, the intimate personal touch kept up by almost weekly letters from Mahatmaji, and for the older and more serious of us the consciousness of unceasing spiritual struggle,—what can a man need more than that? Yet there were times when the fighter strained at the leash, chafing against this sheltered life away from the anguish of the world, and eager to put into practice, as he learnt them, the lessons he absorbed.

It has gone now, into the books of history. Mahatmaji, the great Ascetic, has given up this last of his possessions, and so I have thought it wise to tell the story of our daily life, in some little detail. For if the Ashram is revived at Sabarmati in the dim days that are still to come, who can say that it will be the same? I have said nothing of the many various works of individuals,—of the clerks in the Office, the salesman in the *Khaddar* Shop, the market buyer in the City, the Gardener, the teacher of Harijan children in the nearest village. Each had his work; each work was trusted to the worker's conscience, and there was little or no interference or supervision from above. Even if a few abused this noble freedom, the most did not, and that is saying very much.

The Role Of Rational Nutrition.*

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L. T. C. (*Honrs.*)

II

THE diet of any animal in its natural state is always found to agree both with its anatomical structure and with its several digestive processes and general bodily functions. In order to place an animal in any division, it is necessary to make an examination of its physical structure and other organs and to compare them with those of other animals living upon other foods.

The teeth of man bear no resemblance to those of the herbivora, the carnivora, the omnivora, etc., but they agree in almost every respect with those of the frugivorous animals. The number, the arrangement, the structure, the nature and the size of the teeth of man are almost identical with those of the oraang, gorilla, or other frugivorous animals. The manner of masticating the food is the same.

Man has two 'eye teeth,' which are more or less pointed. But they are comparatively so small, when compared with the corresponding canines of the real carnivora, as to be altogether insignificant. Man's teeth are so uniform that all traces of his carnivorous nature, if he once had it before, have entirely disappeared. The oraang and gorilla have these teeth markedly developed, and yet they are certainly frugivorous.

The alimentary canal of man is similar to that of the frugivorous animals; that of the carnivorous animals is shorter and of different structure. The position and form of stomach are also of significance. The inner surface of the stomach in man is covered with ruga or wrinkles, formed by the mucous membrane which lines the whole intestinal canal and which forms valvular folds, while in the carnivora the stomach is a simple globular sac, without these corrugations. The liver of man is much less developed than the same organ of the carnivora and other mammalian. In the carnivorous animals the colon is smooth and non-sacculated, the tongue is very rough, producing rasping sensation when coming in contact with flesh; the skin not provided with perspiring ducts, the salivary glands are small and the saliva which they secrete has little effect upon starch, while in the apes and man, the colon is sacculated, the tongue is smooth, the skin is provided with perspiratory glands and the salivary

* The first part of this article appeared in our January number.

glands are well developed and the saliva is active. All these facts lead to the conclusion that man is closely related to the apes, and consequently constituted for a fruitarian diet and that he is in no wise related to the carnivora or their diet, as many seem to wrongly believe.

We shall now consider the argument from physiology. First of all, let us consider the secretions. The saliva in man is alkaline and effects many chemical changes in the food—notable among these are the conversion of starch. Were men intended to live on flesh, the saliva would have acidity as in the case of the carnivora. The gastric juice in the human stomach is far weaker than that of the carnivorous animals to act upon the fibres of fleshy food, nor has it any antiseptic or germicidal property as in the case of the latter class of animals. As a consequence of this, undigested animal food is passed on to the intestines, and there is the danger of putrefaction unless it is soon thrown out. The human intestines are four times as long as those of the carnivorous animal. The function of bile poured into the intestines is to prevent decay of the food there. Flesh food entails extra strain upon the liver and consequent derangement. In the carnivora, the intestine is smooth and the waste products are soon thrown out. In man, it is corrugated and sacculated for the purpose of retaining food in it, until all possible nutriment is abstracted from it.

Uric Acid is produced in large quantities by the flesh diet, and the kidneys are over-worked. The retention of this acid in the system produces numerous ailments; besides, such a diet produces more acid in the urine, which is very offensive. Man is the only creature which suffers from uric acid diathesis. Similarly, the perspiration is tainted. The overloading of the blood with flesh food causes, in the process of decomposition, an excessive consumption of Oxygen, and hence the difficulty of breathing and asthmatical affections of many flesh eaters and their excessive excretion of carbonic acid. All these above considerations lead to the inference that anatomically or physiologically considered, the human body is not adapted to assimilate thoroughly and without harm to itself flesh diet.

Let us now investigate the evidence furnished by the chemical analysis of the different kinds of foods. The principal kinds of nutritive ingredients are, as said before, proteins, fats, carbohydrates and the mineral matters. The term proteid includes (1) the simple proteids, e.g., albuminoids, globulins and their derivations, such as acid and alkali albumens, coagulated proteids, proteoses and peptones; (2) the so-called combined or compound

proteids ; (3) the so-called gelatinoids, sometimes called glutinoids, which are characteristic of animal connective tissue. Fats comprise the fat of meat, fat of milk, known as butter, oil of corns and nuts etc. Carbo-hydrate includes sugars, starches, cellulose, gums, woodyfibre, etc. Under the head mineral matters are included phosphates, sulphates, chlorides and other salts of potassium, sodium, magnesium, calcium, and other metallic elements.

It will be seen from the tables that so far as protein is concerned the same amount may be extracted from an equal amount of foods other than meat and have a greater amount of protein from a lesser quantity of other foods. This being the case, it is absurd to talk of the necessity of meat as an article of diet for obtaining readily digestible and condensed form of protein. As to the fats, milk and other dairy products are rich in them, but the nuts exceed all. If we compare the relative percentages of carbo-hydrates we find that the products of the vegetable kingdom —the cereals and farinaceous foods take the lead. Some fruits contain quite a large percentage of them. Flesh food totally lacks in these ingredients. Again, when we compare the articles of food derived from the vegetable world with animal products, we find a very much larger percentage of all mineral matters in these foods. The part these mineral matters play in the economy of life is very important—altogether disproportionate to the relatively small quantity of them. It is well known that if we feed animals (or for that matter human beings) upon certain foods, lacking in salts, these individuals will ultimately die of "saline starvation"—no matter how much food may have been eaten, or how well proportioned the proteids, fats and carbohydrates. This is an astonishing fact. These mineral elements contained in organic compounds must not be confused, however, with the same elements in inorganic form, in which condition they are quite unusable by the system.

It is sometimes supposed that, given a certain quantity of animal and vegetable foods, both containing an equal amount of proteid, more will be appropriated from the animal than from the vegetable foodstuffs. The validity of this argument may be disputed. Professor Russell H. Chittenden of Yale University, one of the most famous physiologists now living in America, writes in his work, *Nutrition of Man* : "In a general way it may be stated that with animal foods, such as meats, eggs, and milk, about 97 per cent. of the contained proteid is digested and thereby rendered available to the body. With ordinary vegetables, on the other hand, as they are usually prepared for consumption, only about 85 per cent. of the proteid is made available. With a mixed

diet, with a variable admixture of animal and vegetable foods, it is usually considered that about 92 per cent. of the proteid contained therein will undergo digestion." Here, the professor is speaking only of vegetable proteid and not of nuts, which contain a far larger percentage of protein than meat.

When we consider the small disproportion in the percentage assimilated and find that when meat is mixed with other articles of food, as it invariably is, the percentage of its availability is reduced to 92 per cent., while vegetable foods are proportionately raised to the same figure, we see that the apparent discrepancy practically vanishes to nothing. And when we further take into account the fact that an equal amount of proteid can be obtained from a far less quantity of non-flesh food, we see that from an equal bulk of food-material, a far larger proportionate percentage would be assimilated from the vegetable foods than from the animal. "How few realise that a pound of whole-wheat bread contains a little more than double the amount of food units that are contained in a pound of beef; a pound of peas three times as many; and a pound of almonds more than five times as many"—(*Cancer Scourge* by Dr. Bell—Page 7. *The Natural Food of Man* by Hereward Carrington, P. 87-88.)

It is believed that proteid derived from the animal is far more quickly and readily assimilated by the system than vegetable proteid. The rapidity of the digestion of animal food has been urged as one of the arguments in its favour, and it is largely for this reason that it has been administered to invalids and to patients in a depressed and weakened state of body. Physiological research is now disproving this dogma. The gastric digestion of proteid foods is a comparatively slow process involving several hours of time and is not completed in the stomach. Stomach digestion is a preliminary step paving the way for further changes to be carried forward by the combined action of intestinal and pancreatic juice in the small intestines, and, here it is important to note that flesh meat resists the action of bacterial decomposition for a shorter period only than do the vegetable elements.

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Book Reviews.

Fiery Stronghold by Nicholas Roerich. Published by The Stratford Company, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A. Price 3 dollars.

Arts and Crafts, though common amongst mankind, have not yet been properly valued. They are looked upon more as tools of civilization than as instruments of culture. The influence of beauty on human nature has yet to be fully gauged. Though the epigram, 'Beauty is Truth, and Truth Beauty' is on the lips of almost every man, yet it plays the part of nothing more than a meaningless bauble. In the heat of blind contest the beast shows its cloven hoof.

Nicholas de Roerich has been fired by a unique kind of appreciation of beauty in all its forms, and he gives us an inspiring estimate of the properties of beauty. The spiritual values of beauty hitherto unexplored by the civilization of the West have been clearly recognised and expounded by the refined yet catholic sense of this great artistic genius.

The one light that gleams through all the facets of the genius of Nicholas Roerich is the spiritual life of beauty. It emanates through all his works and seems to carry out a great mission in the life of humanity. Culture is to him the Saviour of humanity. In Culture he perceives the synthesis of active Bliss, the altar of enlightenment, and constructive beauty.

The unification of mankind, the harmony of nations, and peace and prosperity in the world can be achieved only under the sovereignity of Culture. When the aristocracy of wealth is replaced by the aristocracy of culture, and works of art and beauty become the heirlooms of humanity, them shall the world see the day of h appiness and peace. This is not a bare dream of the versatile professor, but a true envisaging of a fast approaching day.

"The Realm of Culture" is very correctly conceived by Roerich as "a light-bearing stronghold," and institutions of Culture as "Beacons of warmth and light". "Their beneficence shall penetrate even into the dark crevices" and uplift humanity. "The great tree of Culture is nourished by an unlimited knowledge, by enlightened labour, incessant creativeness and noble attainment." And it is as instruments of this Culture that he regards all works of Art and Beauty.

Prof. Roerich has devoted his life to the dissemination of this culture and the elevating properties of all kinds of Beauty, and the husbanding of life with the products of Art and Beauty. With this end in view, he has been studying all forms of Beauty, Civilization, and Culture.

In the book under consideration we have an excellent exposition of the various aspects of Culture and Civilization, and the place of Beauty in human life and progress. While the author grieves over the blindness of man to the potentialities of Beauty and Creative Culture and his wild goose chase of happiness and peace in hunting after so-called refinement and

wasting sensations, he points out that the way out of the present chaos and pauperism lies in the proper fostering and employment of Art and Culture. We get here a fair conspectus of the Professor's pan-human outlook and endeavours at the cultivation of the sense of appreciation of Beauty, dissemination of Culture and Creative Bliss.

The articles, addresses and essays collected in this volume are written in a clear and lucid style. They throb with the light of Culture and Beauty flashing from the heart of the author. One closes the book with a feeling of a new and higher values of Arts and crafts, and an elevating sense of Culture. We should say that this volume deserves to be the companion of all men and women. *P. M. H.*

The Treasures of the Turf. By C. S. Swetaranyam, Price Rs. 7--8—0. Printed at The Scholar Press, Palghat, and available with the author, Vijayamandiram, 6/91, Brahmin Extension, Coimbatore.

Mr. C. S. Swetaranyam of Coimbatore, whose deep study of the Science of Astrology according to both the systems, Ancient and Modern, is well known, has produced an interesting volume wherein he has incorporated several systems for selecting winners in Horse Races, entitled *The Treasures of the Turf.* We cannot help but being impressed with the work and labour he must have bestowed in condensing so much erudite knowledge into a handy volume that can be used as a book of reference by any one anxious to avail himself of the wonderful systems expounded in the book. We are particularly glad to note that the book is only the first instalment of the author's investigations on scientific lines to aid the backer to find the winner or winners of Races. The statement on Page 43 of the book that, for the benefit of the various tip-stars, a method of selection based on Colour system and the theory of numbers which would yield cent per cent results regardless of course scratchings would be shortly released from the press, is particularly welcome, and we have no doubt that the coming book would be as enjoyable as the present one.

Colours have a great bearing on races, and we could state from personal experience that they have been found to be sure indications in this regard. Though we have not been working on any particular method, from records we have seen and experiments we have conducted, we have come to the conclusion that a particular colour has always won or secured a remunerative place during a race run at a particular point of time. The colour that is referred to herein is the colour of the dress worn by the Jockey, about which special warning is always given, a day before the Race. We are, therefore, pleased at the announcement of the early publication of a similar work on these lines.

Planetary movements and their influences on the winning horse, are explained in a scientific manner from the point of view of an orthodox Hindu Astrologer, and to the ordinary race-goer the book will certainly be a new departure in the art of finding winners, as he believes only in form with nothing else to guide him. Western readers accustomed to modern calculations based on Astronomy will find in this book a useful ready reckoner at the Race Course as the system dealt with is purely built up on Raphael's Ephemeris and Whitaker's Almanac for the year concerned.

Having said so much about the book we may draw the attention of the author to the statement on Page 22 of the book that "By an Act of Parliament, known as the Daylight Saving Act, the clock time is advanced from the local time by one hour," which does not appear to us to be perfectly accurate. The advancement of the time is intended solely for the summer months of June, July and August, known as the Summer Time in England. It would appear as if the author intended that the statement should cover every day throughout the year. We hope that necessary corrections would be made in the next edition of the book, which we hope is not unlikely.

In the example worked out on Page 81, 'The Alexandra Handicap,' the author has unconsciously made the error of stating that the planetary hour for Thursday at Doncaster on the 8th of September 1932 at 3—30 P. M. was that of Saturn. Sunrise at Doncaster on that day was 6—30 A. M. Therefore at 2—30 P. M. the Planetary hour ends with Mars and that of the Sun begins and continues till 3—30 P. M. The sign Leo, of course, has progressed 5 dyras at Race time and therefore necessarily Sans Espoir has to win according to the method as given in the book, and we find that the same horse has won, though not particularly for the reason stated by the author.

In the recent Calcutta Races on the 1st and the 6th of January 1934, the astrological method was put to test, and we have been able to spot out 11 winners, and 2 placed horses, in all the 13 events, by a strict application of the principles ennunciated in the book. But in the case of the 5th event on these days we realised that we had to count the remainder from top to bottom and not from bottom to top to select the winner, as we are asked to do according to the directions contained in the book. We also find from one of the examples worked out in the errata slip ,which happens to be the 5th event on that day at Madras, that Horse No. 8 obtained, after the application of this method, has to be counted from top to bottom, in contravention of the rule ennunciated by the author.

In the light of the above facts, we venture to think it necessary to suggest the advisability of incorporating an exception to the general rule under certain circumstances at the proper place, as regards this emperical uniformity. We find this peculiarity for Race No. 5 alone in almost all the centres.

Besides the several systems, one or two useful appendices have also been added, which go a great way to lighten the work of the average punter. Valuable suggestions are also given in the chapter on 'Man *vs.* Mechanism' as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of the totalisator and the Book-maker.

On the whole, we think that the author may legitimately claim "that this work is an honest endeavour to correctly interpret the positions of the stars so as to produce beneficial results compatible with well-known principles of the science of the Stars". We congratulate the author on his splendid achievement in working out a theory based on the Universal Law, viz. that: "If Law is uniform and the motion of the planets has any regularity even in their sometimes irregular oscillations as a result of retrogression or acceleration in their movements, they cannot but exert their influence on the Winning Horse."

Stella Beatrice.

The Scholar Science Corner.

BY B. H. IYER, M. Sc. (Bombay), A. I. I. Sc.

The Role of Chemistry in the Advancement of India.

Professor H. B. Dunnicliff, M. A., D. Sc., who spoke on 'The Role of Chemistry in the Advancement of India' in his Presidential Address to the Chemistry Section of the twenty-first annual meeting of the Indian Science Congress, made a happy departure from the customary practice of dealing with a particular aspect of chemical research in which the speaker is interested. He said: "At a time when all things in India are about to undergo transition and readjustment, it is a matter of great importance and urgency that all chemists should realise their responsibility to their community and appreciate how, in the spirit of service, they can subscribe to the progress of their native land and bring to their fellowmen the benefits of systematic scientific study." Chemistry plays an important part not only in the field of disciplined scientific achievement, but also in the sphere of intellectual culture. In addition to its utilitarian appeal to humanity, Chemistry infuses a spirit of enquiry which leads to the revelation of truth, into those coming under its fold. While Science observes, collects and interprets facts, it also induces imaginative minds to predict new phenomena, thus producing a creative spirit in the minds of its votaries.

The President next stressed the necessity of including Chemical Technology within the scope of university curricula. Chemistry will be of integral importance in the industrial development of India's agricultural and mineral resources. Success in these enterprises will depend, to a great extent, on the ability to produce articles which will stand the competition in quality and cheapness with the imported products as also on the Government subsidies or protection. For the exploitation of the resources of India, a large number of chemical technologists, who not only understand what process they are controlling and the mechanical method by which results may be obtained, but who are also capable of discussing out-turn from the economic and theoretical standpoint, are required. This need forecasts the desirability of including a short course of chemical technology and machine drawing to all the students, whether aspiring for industrial or academic career, right from the early days of initiation into the subject. With a thorough grounding in Chemistry and a few months' training in a

factory, it may be hoped that every chemist will be of use to industry. Continuing Prof. Dunnicliff discussed the possible careers for chemists and the actual appointments in India. While the openings are many, the actual commissions are very few. An important branch like 'drugs and medicines,' an unbridled practice of which will tell upon humanity and civilization, should be controlled by chemists and qualified druggists. To-day pharmacy is merely a commercial proposition, which involves neither education nor training. Although the Drugs Enquiry Committee appointed in 1930 submitted its recommendations to the Government in 1932, nothing useful has yet turned out. Similarly, Prof. J. F. Thorpe's recommendation to institute a Government Chemical Service, made as early as 1920, has also fallen on unsympathetic ears. In the absence of Central Research Laboratories the existing research institutions and University Laboratories should undertake advisory and experimental work connected with local industries. In this connection, the President regretted the absence of qualified chemists practising as consulting chemists. In conclusion, he emphasised the need for starting technological institutions, continuance of the systematic development of agricultural chemistry and initiation of industries to deal with nature's products under systematic and scientific control.

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"*Heavy Hydrogen*" and "*Heavy Water*".

"In 1929 a study of the absorption band spectrum of oxygen in the atmosphere showed that oxygen contained an isotope of mass 18. Later this was proved to be present in the proportion of about 1 in 650. The chemical atomic weight, $O=16$, is an average value, and the common oxygen atom must have a weight a little less than 16. This threw out the accepted value of the ratio of the hydrogen atom to the oxygen atom, but if hydrogen also had an isotope of mass 2, in the right amount, it would bring things right again. In May, 1931, Birge suggested that an isotope of hydrogen might exist with atomic weight 2 and in the proportion of about 1 part in 4500 of ordinary hydrogen."

The discovery of a second kind of hydrogen having been established from spectroscopic evidences, G. N. Lewis of California succeeded in obtaining water of density 1·03, i. e., about 30 per cent. of hydrogen in it was of atomic weight 2, by the continued electrolysis of an aqueous solution of sodium hydroxide. Later, heavy water of density 1·106, freezing point 3·8°C., and boiling point 101·42°C., has been obtained. Lewis says that the new water would be unable to support life. Tobacco seeds, when moistened with heavy water, failed to germinate. Preliminary experiments

have indicated that this, '*neo-aqua*' is lethal to aquatic lives, like fish, tadpoles, paramecia and flatworms. The higher the form of life, the more pronounced is the lethal effect. The development of the knowledge about these '*neo-aqua*' and '*neo-hydrogen*' should be watched with great interest by chemists. Although ordinary water is used freely by one and all, perhaps 'heavy water' will have to be bottled and labelled 'Poison' and be used only by licensed practitioners. (*The Pharmaceutical Journal, Nos., 3659 and 3660*).

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Cinchona and Civilization.

Mr. Bernard F. Howard, F. I. C., the recipient of the Harrison lectureship medal, delivered the Harrison memorial lecture before the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain on December 12, 1933. The subject he chose for the occasion was 'Cinchona and Civilization'. The lecturer began with the following quotation from a speech made by the late Sir Ronald Ross—the discoverer of the source of malarial infection :

> Malarial fever is important not only because of the misery which it inflicts upon mankind, but because of the serious opposition which it has always given to the march of civilization in the tropics. Unlike many diseases, it is essentially endemic, a local malady, and one which unfortunately haunts more especially the fertile, well-watered, and luxuriant tracts —precisely those which are of greatest value to man. There it strikes down not only the indigenous barbaric population but, with still greater certainty the pioneers of civilization—the planter, the trader, the missionary and the soldier. It is, therefore, the principal and gigantic ally of barbarism. No wild deserts, no savage races, no geographical difficulties have proved so inimical to civilization as this disease. We may also say that it has witheld an entire continent from humanity—the immense and fertile tracts of Africa; what we call the dark continent should be called the malarious continent; and for centuries the successive waves of civilization, which have flooded and fertilised Europe and America, have broken themselves in vain upon its deadly shores.

> Historically it is somewhat difficult to trace the course of malaria. It is interesting to speculate whether the failure of the Greeks to take Troy for so many years was due to the army being encamped in a malarious district. There is no doubt that Hippocrates, in his writings on fevers, has given a fairly accurate description of that disease. There is no doubt that the sterner Roman had learned one of the prime factors in combating malaria, namely, efficient drainage of swamps. The defeat of Hannibal by Fabius may certainly be attributed in part to the enormous losses incurred by the Carthaginian armies while camping for long periods in the fever-ridden marshes of Italy. These instances show how the course of history and the fate of nations has been changed by the incidence of malaria.

The tricentinary of the discovery of cinchona bark was celebrated some three years ago. During these three centuries the

products of the cinchona bark have reigned supreme as the only specific for malarial fever. To-day owing to the advent of synthetic products, this supremacy is removed. "It is a matter of conjecture how long the Peruvian Indians had used the bark of the cinchona tree as a malaria specific before the knowledge of it came to their Spanish conquerors, but in 1638 the cure was effected of a patient from whom the present name of the tree is derived. The Countess of Chinchon (a small town near Madrid) was at the time Vicereine of Peru, and was seized by a violent attack of fever in the viceregal Palace at Lima. A Spanish noble who had himself been cured eight years previously, obtained some of the bark and by its means cured the Countess. She, on her return to Spain, brought some of the bark with her, and is not only responsible for its introduction into Europe by administering it to the fever-stricken peasants of her estate, but also provided the name by which Linneaus classified the genus". As the traffic in cinchona was chiefly in the hands of the Jesuit priests, it was also known as "Jesuits' Bark". From 1638 to 1852 the whole of the bark supplies were drawn from the uprooting and destruction of the trees growing naturally in the forests on the slopes of the Andes in Peru and Equador. Just when the total extinction of the species appeared to be imminent the era of cinchona cultivation began.

Sir Clements Markham was the pioneer in cinchona cultivation. The first attempts at plantation made in 1852 were unsuccessful. After a number of experiments, the seedlings brought from Andes were successfully planted in the Nilgiris in 1861 under the superintendence of MacIver. Later on, the cultivation was extended to Palni Hills, Ceylon, Coorg, Waynad, Darjeeling and Burmah. Of the total number of thirty alkaloids actually isolated from the cinchona bark, only four viz., quinine, cinchonidine, cinchonine and quinidine, are of commercial importance. Among these four, quinine is the most popular one. Till 1925 the belief of the medical world was that quinine in the purest form was the most effective cure for Malaria. Therefore, the planters concentrated their activities in producing a bark with a maximum content of quinine. This could be achieved only at the diminished production of the other alkaloids in the bark. However, the medical opinion now favours the use of a mixture of the alkaloids. Thereupon a preparation known as 'Totaquina' has been introduced in medicine.

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A very considerable proportion of the civilised world is malaria infected. "Of European countries, Yugo-Slavia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, S. Russia and to a lesser extent Italy, are the principal sufferers. In Asia no district is really free, except the northern part of Siberia, the Himalayas and Tibetan mountains and the desert interiors of China and Arabia. The whole of Equatorial Africa is affected, all of South America excepting the extreme south, and in North America it spreads upwards through most of the southern States. According to Reiner Muller, there are 800 million cases of malaria per annum, and Sir Ronald Ross estimates the annual toll of deaths from this cause at 2,000,000. The figure arrived at for the amount of quinine required annually for the complete treatment of every case of malaria throughout the world appears to be in the neighbourhood of 1,200,000 kilos." [*The Pharmaceutical Journal Nos. 3659, 3660 and 3661 ; The Chemist and Druggist No. 2810*].

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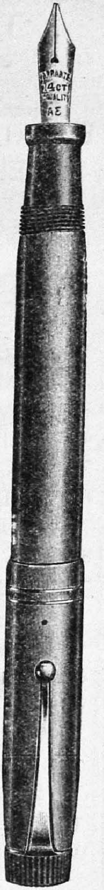

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